

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 651.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

VOL. XXV. No. 26.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Song of Colin Muset.

SINGER AND POET (TROUBADOUR).

A.D. 1240.

What music charming as the lay  
Of minstrel gay, Colin Muset?  
The maidens hear, and spring up dancing,  
The youths begin to form the round,  
And dame and shepherd stand spell bound,  
Let spindle drop, and sheep go prancing,  
The while they listen to the sound  
Of soft guitar, his song enhancing;  
What music charming as the lay  
Of minstrel gay, Colin Muset?

When falls his foot in pleasant places,  
The maitre-d'hotel of proud chateau  
Each portion doubles, pipes let flow—  
So welcome minstrel Colin's face is!  
My lord in rich robe stalks a-glow,  
My lady dons her Flanders laces;  
He makes a stir where'er he stray,  
The minstrel gay, Colin Muset!

The baron asks for songs of glory,  
The lay of Roland, soldier brave;  
Of Lancelot's love, of Tristan's grave,  
The baroness would list the story;  
The chant that Orpheus' crew did save  
Best suits the ear of friar hoary;  
He sings for each and all a lay,  
The minstrel gay, Colin Muset!

They feast and praise him at their leisure,  
Each day some rich reward he gains;  
But poet pains and singers' strains  
No purse can pay with mortal treasure;  
And Colin's voice, and Colin's brains,  
What minstrel with his own dare measure?  
For none like him can wake the lay,  
Or sad, or gay, Colin Muset!

The brazen trumpet boldly blows he,  
Sighs through the flute-like winds in Spring;  
He strikes the harp's persuasive string,  
The violin with soul endows he;  
A light carillon he can ring;  
All secrets of his science knows he,  
And many a minstrel owes to-day  
His skill to gay Colin Muset.

At last, his merry wanderings over,  
While fortune on his fate attends,  
The backward path he gladly wends,  
From hearts at home no more a rover;  
Then wife and children, servants, friends,  
Rejoice with him, and live in clover.  
"God bless thy liberal art," they say,  
"Good, generous, gay Colin Muset!"

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

## How Weber Composed "Der Freyschuetz."\*

From the first moment that Weber took his new opera in hand, he may be said to have entered into the phase of his maturity. The very day may be marked (the 23d February 1817) when the first act of the opera reached him, and on reading it over, he felt "a spring of melody bubbling up within him." From this moment his

whole artistic being assumed the form of this work. From this moment his hitherto vague and general feelings of art were concentrated upon the one idea of "Der Freischütz." From the world without, as from the rich world of thoughts within, every thing was seized upon to be amalgamated with this one idea. Wherever he went he carried it in his heart. Every outward impression, however heterogeneous it may have appeared, was reflected on the one mirror within, wherein was to be judged the effect of light and shade it might produce. The work became a portion of himself. Naturally enough the love that then pervaded his whole being was absorbed at once into this incorporation of his art, and exercised a powerful influence on his work. In "Aennchen" Weber saw all the nature and qualities of his beloved one. He took her ideal form to his heart at once; and the portions of the opera in which it appears first ripened into musical life under the warm sun of his love. The first note of "Der Freischütz" which Weber ever wrote down belonged to the duet between Aennchen and Agathe, in the second act. As Weber himself has frequently declared, he not only saw his Caroline before him, carrying out all his artistic intentions in a part which so thoroughly accorded with her peculiar talents; but he could hear her singing every note of the music, as she would sit studying at the piano, now shaking her head over some passage, now smiling pleasantly over some other, until these visions of his brain dictated all the effects of his composition.

Weber did not compose "Der Freischütz;" he allowed it to grow out of the rich soil of his brave German heart, and to expand leaf by leaf, blossom by blossom, trained, tendered, fostered by the hand of his talent; and thus no German looks upon the opera as a work of art, which penetrates him from without: he feels as if every tone of the work came from his own heart, as if he himself had dreamed it so, and it could no more sound otherwise than the rustling of an honest German beech-wood. This very feeling was involuntarily expressed by Kind, when he so innocently exclaimed, "I cannot see what there is in the melody of 'The Bridesmaids' Chorus' to make such a wondrous fuss about! Why, from the very words, it could not have been otherwise. Every man would have hit upon the same idea."

Weber was much longer employed on the composition of his "Der Freischütz" than on that of any other of his operas. From the first beginning, on the 23d February, of his mental work on it, which never ceased to the 2d July, the first day that he wrote down a note of it, an interval of more than four months took place. There is not a single piece of music in it that he did not turn over twenty times in his mind, until he so felt it that he could say, "That's it!" and then he wrote it down rapidly in a firm, clear hand, almost without altering a note. Thus in none of his works does the peculiar speciality of the style and manner of his creation appear so markedly as in this one. He may be said to have been always composing. The world appeared to him a world of tones. Color, form, space, time were transformed, by a mysterious process of his inward man, into sounds. Out of the strangest and most unharmonious noises his ear sucked in the most original and striking effects. Strange to say, lines and forms seem to have called forth melodies within him, as sounds gave rise to harmonies. His musical ideas, he was wont say, came thickest upon him when the sight of outward objects was accompanied by the rolling of carriage-wheels. Landscapes were symphonies to his ears; and melodies sprang up from every rise or fall of the road from every trembling brook, from every waving field of corn; whilst the sound of the wheels sup-

plied the richest harmonies. Thus certain drives or walks were involuntarily mixed up in his mind with such or such musical ideas. Whenever any spot recurred to his memory, it was combined with the recollection of the melody it had inspired. But, happy as might be the ideas thus elicited by outward objects, Weber was slow to write them down. Experience had taught him that such musical inspirations might, like poetical improvisations, strike upon the ear with brilliant and startling effect, yet fall upon the paper dead and cold, like shooting stars. Weber, however, was no lavish spendthrift of his ideas. Portions of these fleeting musical apparitions, to which he assigned no greater value, and which he considered unworthy of being stored up, he would reproduce in his inimitable improvisations on the piano; and, as he played, he would unroll before his mind's eye the landscape panorama whence the musical thoughts had sprung.

But it must not be supposed, at the same time, that the nature of the outward objects always elicited analogous feelings. Sublime mountain scenery, by some strange chain of thought, or perhaps contrasting feeling, might give birth to a droll capriccio,—a joyous sunrise to a melancholy adagio,—a grotesque object to a grave motive. After this fashion, the "Laughing Chorus" of the first act of "Der Freischütz" owed its origin to the impression made upon the composer by the intolerably false intoning of the responses of a litany by some old women, during a sleepy afternoon-service in the Pillnitz chapel. The music of the Wolf's Glen was conceived one morning as he drove to Pillnitz in a heavy fog, the changeful masses of which swept in multitudinous forms around his carriage. The magnificent march in "Oberon," it may here be related, also owed its existence to a still more singular apparition. Weber was accustomed, when performances took place at the "Linkesches Bad," to walk out after dinner and take his coffee there in the garden by the Elbe. One day a heavy rain had come on during the walk, to the capellmeister's infinite disgust. He was unusually silent and morose. When he reached the garden, all the guests had been driven away by the rain, and the waiters had heaped the chairs and tables one upon another, with their legs sprawling in the air. The capellmeister stood for a time, with his hands folded behind him, gazing at the grotesque groupings of these distracted-looking objects. All on a sudden he called to young Roth, the clarinet-player, who had been the companion of his walk, "Look there!" he said; "does not that look exactly like a great triumphal march? Donnerwetter! What chords there are for the trumpets! I can use that! I can use that!" He had just then been asked to compose a march for Gehe's tragedy of "Henry the Fourth." Immediately on reaching home, after the theatre, Weber wrote down his singular inspiration, at first only for brass instruments. It was afterwards turned to account, and arranged for the orchestra in "Oberon."

To such strange outward impressions, and their mysterious workings upon Weber's artist soul, was due the music of that opera, which, of all his works, was the most characteristic of his own nature. His own feelings, during its composition, he expressed but seldom in word or writing. To his beloved Caroline, almost exclusively, he opened his mind upon the subject occupying all his thoughts. "I have such a terrible confession to make to you," he wrote one day, "I scarcely know how to come out with it. I am completely seduced by the charms of a young maiden; and the crime is all the more abominable, as she is another's bride. But I can't help it. She is al-

\* From "CARL MARIA VON WEBER: The Life of an Artist." From the German of his son, Baron MAX MARIA VON WEBER, by J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, M.A. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1865).

ways in my thoughts. Day and night I embrace her with the wildest passion. She came naked to me; but I am dressing her with the best I can supply, and feeding her with my own heart's blood. She has a dreadful longing for the stage; and I shall forward her desire as much as I can, although I know all the dangers which threaten her. Oh! will she be true to me? Now you know all. Beat me! tear out my eyes! But that will do no good. Yes, that perfidious 'Jäger's Bride' haunts me wherever I go. Heaven grant her and me its blessing!" "Every thing which has any connection with my own dear Lina goes before all," he writes again. "Aennchen would suit you exactly; and I cannot but compose those portions of my music first, wherein you come before my eyes. In that merry, coquettish little demon you will, one of these days, find your own portrait, my little mouse." "The great work before me terrifies me sometimes," he writes once more; "and with all the labors of my office, my correspondence, and the direction of the German and Italian operas, and the church music too, how can I ever hope to complete it?" "I have had a few happy moments," runs another letter; "and I have played several passages of my music to Kind, who does not seem by any means pleased. But that does not matter much. Poets only want to hear their own words. But what will my public with two eyes say? Will that be pleased? That's the important point. Now I'll have a good run round my room, and see whether any thoughts will come." "If I have only my first act ready before—you know what—I shall have you to help me in the others," sighs the composer in another letter; "and then we'll see whether we cannot patch it up together, and have it produced this winter. You'll aid me in cutting out and sewing my bride's petticoat for her, won't you?" "I have been working hard," he writes in August; principally upon Agathe's scene; but I cannot get the glow and passion which should be hers." "Oh! my good Jäger's Bride," he writes another time; "come quick and bring me gold in store, that I may provide all sorts of beautiful things for my own, my real bride, and line her nest with every comfort." This period of his work on the "Jäger's Bride" ends with the year 1817. The duet of Agathe and Aennchen, the air of Agathe, and a portion of the ensemble piece between Max, Cuno, and Chorus were then composed. It was not until the end of the following year that he again appears busily employed upon his opera.

Meanwhile the "Jäger's Bride" was again rising to the surface of Weber's artistic life. Early in the July of 1819 Count Brühl had begged for a plan of Weber's new opera, with the intention of making an attempt to open with it the newly-erected theatre in Berlin, generally known as the "Schauspielhaus." Count Brühl was anxious to make every preparation as long before the time of the opening as possible, inasmuch as competition for this occasion was to be feared not only on the part of Spontini, who had been newly engaged for the ensuing year, but of the still more redoubtable Goethe, who of his own accord had offered to write a work for the opening of the new house. The book of the "Jäger's Bride" was immediately despatched; and it was perused with so much delight by Count Brühl, that he entreated Weber to visit him at his country-seat of Seifersdorf, and make every arrangement with him for the production of the opera in the coming spring.

All Weber's energy and activity were now once more bestowed upon his "Jäger's Bride." The pieces already mentioned were completed in every point. In September and November the terzet between Agathe, Max, and Aennchen, in the second act, and all the music of the Wolf's Glen, that most original of Weber's compositions, were ready. The charming duet between Agathe and Aennchen, and the lovely little air of the latter, which had sprung entire in their individuality, as it were, out of the composer's heart, were in turn fully completed. On the 6th December, Weber, on reviewing all that he had already done of his opera, was able to write to Brühl to inform him that the whole could be ready by March. But

on this assurance Weber did not rest his oars. The endless materials which for years Weber had nourished in his heart, rolled in rich profusion on the paper, like pearls from the hands of the divers rising from the jewel-chambers of the ocean. Agathe's great air now came; and her sweet song, "Und ob die Wolke sich verhülle," was born on the same day as the first gush of the bridesmaids' chorus,—immortal pieces both. In those prolific days this one spare man was forging powerful weapons, with which Germany was to win her great place of artistic honor in the history of the world.

On the 21st December came an announcement fully capable of damping Weber's now ardent spirit. Count Brühl wrote to say, that the opening of the new Berlin theatre was to be celebrated by a work of the great poet Goethe, but that the "Jäger's Bride" would, he trusted, be the first opera given on its boards. But Weber was now too rapidly borne forward on the wings of his excitement and inspiration to be checked in his course by slight disappointments. Heart and head were alike singing, and were not to be stilled. Once more the old joyous spirit of past days seemed to have been kindled within him. He wrote for the new-year's eve some of his genial comic verses of former times, to accompany presents to his friends, or to characterize the personages assumed, as in a twelfth-night masquerade, by himself and his guests on this festive occasion; and as he retired for the night, he penned in his diary the words, "And thus the year, which has brought so many sorrows, has ended gaily. May God give us his blessing, and grateful hearts for the strength bestowed on us to bear all his trials!"

But not alone were the fortunes of the German opera now occupying Weber's active energies. The "Jäger's Bride" was still to be completed. News had reached the composer that the new Schauspielhaus in Berlin would probably be opened before the end of the season of 1820; and it was necessary that the destined opera should be ready. The overture, that marvel of all German orchestral compositions, breathing forth the finest breath of German art, was commenced to be sketched out on the 22d of February, although never completed until the 13th of May. The "Huntsman's Chorus," and the beautiful "entre-acte," which leads to the most pious strain ever sung upon a stage, "Und ob die Wolke sich verhülle," were completed in March. On the 18th of April, a finishing hand was given to the "Wolf's Glen," one of the most daring musical ventures of modern days, for the effect of which Weber trembled to the last, more than for that of any thing he had ever composed, but which ultimately proved the "bouquet" of success in that great brilliant musical firework. The glorious finale, so full of light, and love, and faith, was completed early in May. On the 13th of that month the last note of the opera was written. In the whole work there was not one weak place. From the first to the last the pulse of Weber's genius had beat with unremitting fervor and intensity. In the revision of his score, he himself cannot have found a single fault; for in the glorious manuscript, presented by his wife, after Weber's death, to the Royal Library at Berlin, not one single correction, not one single erasure of any one note is to be found. The notes seem to have rolled upon the paper like the purest pearls, as if conjured up by magic, and not written by mortal hand; and, certainly, the powerful concentration of mind, which permitted a man to write down such a work without the slightest blemish, belongs to one of the greatest phenomena of man's nature.

All now was ready; and on the 8th May the score was despatched to the director of the Berlin theatre, in order that the study of the choruses, in which so much of the principal effect of the work lay, might be commenced as soon as practicable. Immediately on arrival, the "Jäger's Bride" was destined to be re-baptized. In a letter from Brühl to Weber, acknowledging the receipt of the score, the former complains of the title as weak and colorless, and urges the adoption of that originally belonging to the legend, "Der Freischütz," as more analogous to the wild,

romantic spirit of the subject. To this suggestion Weber at once consented. The half of the remuneration of eighty Friedrichs-d'or, for which Weber had arranged, on the cession of the opera to the court theatre of Berlin, was sent in June; and on deduction of the sixty ducats paid to Kind for the book, the sum of 388 thalers alone remained for Weber's share—a sum which was afterwards increased.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Italian Language.

(Concluded from page 196.)

Let us now turn to the double vowels, a fertile source of mispronunciation to foreigners, but which nothing more than the most ordinary attention will suffice to master, as no sounds are required that our language does not possess. In the combinations *ai*, *ao*, *au*, each vowel should be pronounced distinctly, with the accent generally on the *a*. It is common to hear *au* pronounced like *our* *oe*; but when the Messrs. Brown hear themselves called *Brah-oon*, they can profit by the lesson. So, when *e* is followed by other vowels, each must have its distinct utterance.

*I*, before another vowel, has the force of the German *j* and English *y*. It is a very common mistake to give each vowel its separate sound. Thus we often hear *Gioanni*, *Miniato*, *Seggiola*, *Pagliano*, *Guiccioli*, pronounced as having four syllables; thus *Gio-van-ni*, *Mini-a-to*, &c., instead of *Gio-van-ni*; *Mini-a-to*, &c. So *scienza*, *Pietro*, *fiasco*, are dissyllables. There are some words, however, in which the vowels *io* are pronounced separately: as *mio*, *desio*.

Finally, let us hope that no traveller, whose eye this may meet, will ever pronounce *Duomo* in three syllables, *Doo-o-mo*, when he is informed that *u* before a vowel is always equivalent to the English *u*. All pronounce *Guido* correctly. It is no more *Doo-o-mo* than *Goo-ee-do*. So also *vuale*, *fuoco*, &c. If I can be instrumental in rooting out this one universal vice alone, I shall feel, as prefaces say, that I have not written in vain.

Of the consonants there is little to be said that cannot be found in any grammar. The error most usual and most carefully to be shunned is the depriving the double consonants of their full value. Thus, *ecco* is not like the English *echo*, nor *kello* like *bellow*. The sounds of hard *c* and *l* must be repeated; thus, *ee-co*, *bel-lo*. This error is by no means so common as the mispronunciation of the vowels. On the other hand the truth is as often overdone as come short of. Ardent students, while they shun one vice, sometimes run into the opposite extreme, and lose so much time between their consonants as materially to shorten the hour allotted by their master. One thing more, *r* must get its fair share of roll; but it would be well, in this case, as in the last mentioned, to heed the advice of Hamlet.\*

A good deal is said by fresh arrivals about the Tuscan gutturals and the aspiration of the hard sound of *c*; also fault is found with the frequent application of the French sound of *ch* to soft *c*, and *j* to soft *g*, instead of the English sound (as in *Charles* and *John*) which the Romans use exclusively. But it would be well for such critics to bear in mind the friendly advice of yore to dwellers in glass houses, and get the beams out of their own *i's* and other vowels before they busy themselves with the consonants of their neighbors. The Tuscans have too an Irish burr in their *t*, which should be only noticed to be avoided.

I suppose it is fair to concede the palm to the Romans in pronunciation, in spite of their drawing, singing, and clipping of final syllables. Their manner of speech is so distinct and sonorous that foreigners who pride themselves on their progress in Italian, often feel hurt, on their arrival in Rome, at

\* In Latin the Italians give the diphthong *ae* the sound of *e*, and the *i* when we soften it into *ai* is pronounced by them as if an Italian *z*—i.e. like our *is*. e.g. *patientia*, pronounced *patiensia*.



what they think is intended to aid their apprehension. On the other hand, it is hard to ignore the Pantheon of great names in Tuscan literature; and so, by an equitable compromise, it has been agreed between the rivals to make a treaty on the following terms:—*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*. This gratifies the pride of both, and is repeated by both with similar unction. I would give the student, however, warning that the repetition of this phrase will not, to dwellers in the Peninsula, savor of originality; for it is fair to assume that, from time immemorial, no two persons ever approached the subject of the Italian language without one or the other quoting it, *ore ro; tundo*.

I have gone over thus cursorily the chief sources of error that exist in Italian pronunciation for those whose vernacular is English; but I feel persuaded that enough has been said to make it easy for any one, sufficiently interested to give the subject a fair degree of attention, to avoid the most glaring solecisms which pervade that kind of *lingua franca* spoken by most American and English tourists in Italy, and which bears about as much resemblance to the true thing, as the Chinese English at Macao does to our vernacular. To talk like a native Italian must of course be the lot of but few foreigners; yet there is a wide space between this height and the low level where most are content to remain. Time and very favorable circumstances are necessary to reach the summit; but it can never even be approximated unless the obstacles that beset the traveller are known and met with a determination to overcome them.

Although what I have said may be applied by the student for himself in practice, Italian pronunciation being singularly amenable to rule and free from exceptions, yet perhaps it may not be amiss to make some applications to words most frequently in use among travellers. In Rome and Naples the proper names oftentimes in the mouths of tourists are anglicized; e.g. St. Peter's, the Coliseum, Vatican, Quirinal, Pincian, Tiber, Toledo, Vesuvius, Herculaneum, &c.—while few but a *valet de place* could recognize the Florentine lions in the various Protean changes they are made to undergo. The *Cascine* become a casino; the Pitti palace is made (what it certainly is not) petty; *Boboli* is slurred into Bobbully, and *Fiesole* is generally Fesoly; though I once heard the bold innovation of Fusyoli.

To provide in part against such mishaps, and at the same time to give some application of the foregoing remarks, I subjoin a number of words with their pronunciation indicated as nearly as may be in English; choosing those most often in use, that may thus serve to hang rules on that should be always kept in sight. Such attempts, however, at indicating Italian pronunciation in English can only be, at best, a very slight approximation.

In the first column I have marked by an accent the syllable on which the stress must be laid.

Cascine. \*Cá-shee-nay. A plural noun, signifying dairy farms.

Palazzo. Pá-lát-so.

Pitti. Peet-tee. The first *i* shorter than the 2d.

Boboli. Bo-bo-lee. The 1st *o* rather open.

Uffizi. Oof-feet-see. The 1st *i* shorter than 2d.

Galleria. Gál-lay-ree-á.

Medici. May-dee-chee.

Arno. Arr-no.

Fiesole. Fyay-zo-lay.

Pratolino. Prá-to-lee-no.

Bellosguardo. Bel-low-sgwárr-do.

Duomo. Dwo-mo.

Santa Croce. Sántá Cro-chay.

Santo Spirito. Sán-to Spee-ree-to.

Pisa. Pee-zá.

Siena. Syay-ná.

Dante. Dán-tay.

\* This mark *˘* on an *a* means that it should be pronounced like *a* in the French *malle*; while *-over an a* requires the long sound as in English *father*.

Tasso. Tás-so.

Machiavelli. Má-kyá-vel-lee.

Manzoni. Mán-tso-nee.

Sposi. Spo-zee. *O* very open, as in *not*.

Ieri. Yay-ree.

Alfieri. Al-fyay-ree.

Pietro. Pya-tro.

Raffaello. Ráf-fá-el-lo.

Domènichino. Do-may-nee-kee-no. Diminutive of Domenico, usually called Dominic Keeno.

Carlo Dólcì. Cár-lo Dole-chee.

Vèrði. Verr-dee.

Pèrgola. Perr-go-lá. } *e* like *e* in *met*.

Pagliano. Pá-lyá-no.

Piccolo. Peek-ko-lo. Not pickle oh.

Piccolomini. Peek-ko-lo-mee-nee.

Banchiere. Báng-kyay-ray.

Fènzì. Fen-tsee.

Vetturino. Vet-too-ree-no.

Cavállo. Cáv-ál-lo.

Carne. Cár-nay. Sound the *r* well. In English mouths all flesh is dog.

Páne. Pá-nay.

Capèlli. Cáp-pel-lee.

Cappèlli. Cáp-pel-lee.

Farmacia. Fárr-má-chee-á. Not farmer cheer.

Giovanni. Jo-ván-nee. *O* open as in *not*.

Sèggiola. Sedje-o-lá.

Guiccioli. Gweet-cho-lee. First *i* shorter than last.

Scienza. Shen-tsá.

Pèllico. Pel-lee-co.

Prigioni. Pree-jo-nee.

Picciola. Pee-cho-lá.

There are also some colloquial expressions, many not inelegant, which it would be vain to expect to learn from books, at least from such as are usually put into the hands of students. It may not be amiss to subjoin a few of these for the benefit of the traveller, as a sagacious use of them will sometimes act as a talisman in ridding him of the vexatious importunities of the natives—turning him (in their eyes at least), like an irritated chameleon, from green to brown.

Che! or che! che! Poh! poh!

Va via! sometimes slurred into *va'ia*! Begone!

Come mai? How is it possible?

Già. Exactly, just so.

Sicuro. Certainly, of course.

Altro. A strong affirmative, meaning literally that and something more; equivalent, by a strange opposition of idiom, to our *nothing else*.

Tutt' altro. Quite the reverse.

Questo poi. As for that.

Non c'è male. Not bad.

Ma che vi \*pare? How can you think so?

S'accomodi. Be seated.

A rivederla. Stia bene. Farewell.

Faccia. faccia. Go on with what you were doing.

Don't let me disturb you.

Scusi. I beg your pardon.

Leverò l'incomodo. I won't bore you any longer.

La si figuri! or figuratevi! Fancy! only imagine!

Non pensi. Non dubiti. Never fear.

Non c'è furia. No hurry.

Sarà. It may be. A civil way of implying that it can't be.

Non saprei. I do not know. The form of the conditional is more polite than the present.

Passi. Come in.

Fatelo passare. (To a servant announcing a visitor)

Show him in.

Come si fa?

Cosa vuole or volete? Signify that it would be idle.

to mangle in the matter,—that the speaker disclaims

all responsibility, and washes his hands of consequen-

ces. The same may be implied, without articulation,

by raising the shoulders, and with the open mouth

ejaculating, as if with difficulty, *eh! eh! eh!* Com-

pared with this, Lord Burleigh's nod was sterile.

A long hiss, with the corners of the mouth drawn

back, gives a strong assurance, in answer to a doubt

expressed.

The noise we make, with the tongue against the

palate, to express regret, implies, in Tuscany, a nega-

tive. The Neapolitans effect the same end by jerk-

ing up their head as if choking.

The manner of expressing a negative by the wag-

ging of the forefinger horizontally has been well ex-

plained by Dickens in his "Pictures from Italy."

F. B.

### Charles Gounod.

Gounod was born in Paris on the 17th of June, 1818, and is consequently in his forty-eighth year. As a pupil of the Conservatoire he went through a course of counterpoint under the direction of Halevy, and worked under Lesueur and Fauré for "composition idéale." In 1837 he obtained a Deuxième Seconde Grand Prix de l'Institut for the cantata "*Marie Stuart et Rizzio*." His name does not appear in the list of 1838; but in 1839 he was unanimously awarded the first prize for "*Fernand*," and, according to the usual regulations, started for Rome and became a denizen of the Villa Medici. M. Gounod was in good company during the time he passed at the Conservatoire, for we find the names of Mmes. Castellani, Julian Van Gelder, Lavoye, MM. Roger, Achard, Alizard, Boulo, (Singers); Croisilles, Gautier, Seligmann, De Garadé, Dancé, Deldevez, Charlot, (Instrumentalists); Bazin, Maillart, Hy. Duvernoy (Composers), among his colleagues. While at Rome Gounod occupied himself specially with the study of religious music; and we hear of him four years later at Vienna as the composer of a Mass "*à la Palestrina*," given at the Church of St. Charles. On his return to Paris he accepted the post of Maître de Chapelle at the Church of the "Missions Étrangères," and seemed for a time to contemplate a change of profession, and to turn his thoughts to a religious career. In fact, he did (we believe) go through a certain part of the preliminary novitiate, and wore the ecclesiastical dress for some time. In 1846 it was almost officially announced that he had entered a convent. We hear nothing more of him until 1851; and it is a curious fact that the first really important notice on his works was written by the musical critic of a London paper—the *Athenæum*—in a *compte rendu* he gave of a concert at St. Martin's Hall, at which four of M. Gounod's works were produced. The article, which was most favorable, and spoke of the composition as "the work of an accomplished artist, the poetry of a new poet," and mentioned the great effect they had produced on the public, was generally attributed to M. Viardot (who has never denied the "soft impeachment"), and being reproduced in French a few days later, created great interest, as it was known that Gounod had a work in rehearsal at the Académie de Musique. On the 16th of April, 1851, "*Sapho*," a grand opera in three acts, libretto by Emile Augier, was produced; Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia and M. Gueymard (a debutant and ex-pensionnaire of the Conservatoire) being the chief interpreters. Though less successful than many of his future productions, the serious and original character of the music sufficed to show that the composer was a man of genius, and not to be treated *à la légère*; and this first essay, which was given some eight or ten nights only, gained its author more reputation than many operas, played a hundred nights and then heard no more, have produced for their composers. Gounod was "accepted" by the musical world—we do not allude to the "*feuille de chou*," which assumes that title—and the choruses which he wrote for a tragedy by Ponsard raised him still higher in public estimation. In this work he gave to his composition a quaint and ancient character, which showed the man of profound study and attention to *couleur locale*—a quality further developed in the *chœur des Bacchantes* in "*Philemon et Baucis*," the *Kermesse* of "*Faust*," the *Chanson* of "*Mireille*," &c. 1854 brought "*La Nonne Sanglante*," grand opera in five acts, with Scribe and Delavigne for partners; and in 1858 Gounod made a first essay in opera comique, and gave (Théâtre Lyrique) "*Le Médecin malgré Lui*," a great success and justly named the "*Barbière*" of the works of French composers. Mmes. Moreau, Girard, MM. Meillet, Potel and Wartel were the principal artists. This was but a "happy prologue to the swelling act of the imperial theme." On the 19th March, 1859, "*Faust*" was produced at the same theatre. All our readers

are aware of its great and well-deserved success; and the "Kermesse," "Salut Demeure," the duet, "the Soldiers' Chorus," the splendid trio finale, the Page's Song, &c., are familiar as Mr. Dickens' Household Words. The principal artists of the "creation" were Mme. Carvalho (*Marguerite*), Mlle. Faivre—now Mme. Réty (*Siebel*), M. Barbot (*Faust*), M. Balanqué (*Mephistopheles*), and Mme. Duclos (*Marthe*).

"*Philonen et Baucis*" was given in 1860. Although the subject was bad to work upon, this opera added greatly to the composer's reputation, and, notwithstanding the weakness of the plot, held its place for a long time as the "pièce de résistance" on the bills of the Lyrique, thanks to the beautiful music it contains. (Mmes. Carvalho and Sax, MM. Battaille, Balanqué and Froment were the principal interpreters.) Next "*La Reine de Saba*," given at the Grand Opera in 1862. This was at first unsuccessful, owing to the failure of the stage management in the mise-en-scène of the *Scène de la Fontaine*, and which caused the entire cutting out of the second act—one of the most interesting. Thanks to the energy of Gounod's publisher, M. Choudens, the opera was performed entire at Darmstadt during the succeeding year, and with great success. It has since been produced at Brussels, at Bordenaux, Marseilles, and the performance of an English version under the title of "*Irene*" was the chief attraction of last year's musical season at the Crystal Palace.

In 1863 M. Gounod returned to the Lyrique, and gave "*Mireille*" in four acts, founded on Mistral's charming Provençal poem "*Mireio*." This was a great success. Mmes. Miolan-Carvalho, Faure-Lefevre, Ugalde, MM. Monjaux, Ismael, and Petit were included in the cast. Some objection being made to certain situations in the piece, it was rearranged and compressed into three acts. It was re-produced in that form in December 1864, with nearly the same personnel—M. Michot vice Monjaux being the only important change—and had a run of some sixty nights.

"*Tobias*," a sacred drama, or, as the composer modestly insists on calling it, a "petit Oratorio," was written some years ago, and lately presented as a *cadeau* to M. Choudens, his friend and editor, as a slight acknowledgment for the eminent services he has rendered him. Of course any allusion to it at present would be premature and out of place in these columns. ("*Tobias*," being announced for performance in London.)

For the benefit and information of our lady readers, we beg to add that M. Gounod is married and has a family; and that at the present moment he is so deeply engaged on a most important work that he is naughty enough to neglect them. He seldom leaves his study; and, to conclude this notice with his own words, has been unkind enough to say "*Quand je travaille je suis dans le Ciel: quand je suis de ma chambre je suis en—*." Well, never mind where.—*Orchestra*, Feb. 27.

### Haydn's Seasons.

(From the London Orchestra, Feb. 24.)

"The Four Seasons" in some strange phase of complimentary mythology have earned much bread, teased many brains, tired many hands. "The Four Seasons" have adorned long corridors, the walls of dining rooms, the ceilings of Presence Chambers, and as a Ballet have given ample scope to Shepherds and Shepherdesses, nymphs and swains, Dianas and Actæons, and an entire spiritualism of airy potentialities embodied by Kings, Queens, and courtiers moving about the stage dressed after the manner familiarized by the stereotypes of Watteau. No doubt it was the popularity of "The Seasons" as a ballet which led Haydn's friends to think of the possibility of turning the poem of Thomson into an Opera or some sort of Cantata, and when putting Thomson's *Seasons* into Haydn's hands, they well knew they had left the subject to the man of all others the most competent, and possibly the most willing to realize it in music.

Haydn was an obedient and tractable man; he desired to please Prince Esterhazy, he was compelled to listen to Baron von Swieten.

The one was his Patron, the other his Poet. Haydn's first Oratorio portrayed the change of Chaos into Creation; his second was intended to be the creation continued by the change of its Seasons. Prince Esterhazy wanted the first morn of September, a stag hunt, and a bacchanal chorus. Baron von Swieten preferred the quieter scenes of the girls at the loom, and the laughing chorus round the fireside. The libretto was not an opera, it could not be an oratorio, it was too large to be a cantata, and so it turned out a compound of all three, and it is now "Haydn's Seasons," immeasurably the greatest work of its great master, belonging to no school, but a standard for right and wrong in all schools. It has not yet been

properly heard in this country. One reason is, performers, singers, and audience imagine it an oratorio, and so the band looks devout, the singers solemn, the audience prayerful. Another and the stronger reason is that the work is crushed by the mistaken imaginations of its translators. For example, the crash in the coda to the exciting wine revel, which in the original is given to the line, "*Juhu! Juh! es lebe der wein*," is anglicized thus:—"The generous liquor praise;" and by this change the cheer of the *Juhu! Juh!* is tied up to the monosyllable "praise," and the whole intention and feeling of the composer destroyed. In another translation the "*Juhu! Juh!*" is translated with "Huzza." "*Hip! hurra!*" might possibly have been made manageable, but Huzza renders all proper execution hopeless.

The stag hunt, in its present dress, it is almost impossible to make out. The call, the finding of the quarry, the flight, the speed, the rush, the hounds at fault, the fresh start, the stag at bay, and shout of Ha-la-li at his death, all stand out in Haydn's chorus as so many scenes in an opera. The dogs begin to bark, the cry gets fiercer and fiercer, until the whole score is a pack of hounds—there are no pastoral inanities, no unnatural and ridiculous refinements of pastoral life, no foolish sentimentalities or cockney ignorance. Nothing short of a real chase would have satisfied Prince Esterhazy, and so Haydn puts off his court dress, takes off his diamond ring, dons the green, slings the large horn over and under his shoulders, mounts his hunter, and rushes over hill and ford and brook, and puts all this down in music because he felt it, and came to love it. The chorus is no tedious explanation, no careful description of the chase; it is simply a red-hot glowing photograph with a record of what the dogs said, the horns said, the huntsmen said, and the quarry did. The audience in Exeter Hall on Friday found out there was something in this musical rendering of what we may call a noble emotion, and some thought it like the Hallelujah Chorus; others imagined it better, many doubted, but all encored. It would be well in any analysis or description of the Grand Hunt to put out the *mots* of the horns, just because they are the real things, and secondly, because they divide the chase in its several scenes and enable the auditors to know the precise situation of the field and its doings.

If Baron von Swieten had been a good handicraftsman instead of a miserable worker he would have welded together the day's chase and the wine revel with its accompanying dance. The intermediate recitative entangles the understanding and cools down the imagination, and separates three acts commonly in gentle life joined together. The wine chorus is of two parts—a choral hymn, so to write, in laudation of Bacchus, and then the villagers group themselves for the dance, and Haydn, taking for his theme a well known Austrian Sir Roger de Coverley kind of melody, set them to work, and in connection with this simple act of earthly humanity evolves a result of almost supernatural agency. There are laws of musical art—technicalities and absurdities—which have proved its curse, and are only believed in by the narrowest, fullest, and most superficial of composers. But underneath these lies the truth, and hence real composers have always written from one and the same code of laws; for such awaken thought and extract fire from the individual mind. The one set of laws poisons invention and breeds corruption. The laws lying under lead to a universal system of form and workmanship, and generate originality without calling up a pretended invention of new chords, new measures, phrases or rhythms. The one set foster a formalized deformity, the other create a distinct and certain style. Obedience to rule is easy because the rule is founded on truth, and it is found executive facility attends such obedience. A blockhead with patience may become respectable in counterpoint, for it is only a means to an end; but only such a seer and thinker as Haydn could have turned the electric affinities between sounds into such tone-painting as we find in this Bacchanal dance. Counterpoint is straw-stuffing when it is only counterpoint, but where used as Haydn here employs it, it is the fulfilment of a natural law, and the result is life, beauty, and joy. It is in such movements as this that the true artist in sounds—knowing well that all parts thereof have grown out of the universal law of harmony in its triple character of the sounds just heard, the sounds now heard, and the sounds next to be heard—falls back upon the opinion of Sir John Herschel, and inclines to imagine that although enough has been revealed to enable man to make music, its true fount and spring is still sealed and undiscovered. In England the chorus loses its national character, the drone of the bagpipe brings up no recollections, and the continued arch and cunning by-play of the second violins passes unperceived. We hear only the troll of tipplers, we see merely the whirl of merry, twink-

ling feet; but of fidelity and felicity in execution artists may and ought to judge, and these are they who eventually control the judgment of the public. Nothing endures but what *always* pleases, and if artists are *always* dissatisfied with any piece the dissatisfaction of the general community is inevitable.

Haydn's first composition was published in a collection of music made up of the works of many composers, who were announced thus: "*Les noms inconnus, bons a connaître*." M. Fétis sneers at the "Seasons" as the weak effort of a failing old man, failing so fast that the imbecilities of the latter portion of the work stand out in striking contrast with the comparative vigor of the earlier portion. And a critic no less celebrated tells us that, were five or six arias of Sacchini interpolated into "this mass of harmony," the "Seasons" would receive "a celestial grace, an ease and a dignity which are now sought for in vain." As to the recitatives we are informed that "Porpora and Zingarelli would have done these better." As the recitatives chiefly deal with a morbid pastoralism, it is only necessary to remark that Haydn has worked from his own point of view, and truly this point is not that of either Porpora or Zingarelli, and his sight and his power have no place in the eyes or heads of those without doubt very respectable and amiable artists. With regard to the judgment of M. Fétis, it should be met with that by Beethoven, who was Haydn's pupil, just as Haydn commenced writing the *Creation*. "*The Creation*," said Beethoven, "must die." Under the guise of a pretended drama—an unreal, unnatural, rabbinical sort of commentary on the historical records in Holy Writ, there is much exquisite and lovely music, and many splendid specimens of choral weaving, exciting interest and almost demanding enthusiasm. One cannot refuse sympathy with the good and the beautiful, and assuredly not with the general purpose of the work, for the object and end thereof is great and noble; but the movements are all links of one feeling, and this is of the religion of the masque, the devout sentimentality of the concert room, and of those who seldom put their feet inside a church. There is much affectation of interest, little ebullition of sincere feeling. With Haydn nature-worship was strong. All his education was against such emotion, but his art gave him perception and the direction of his art the moral tone. In the representations of "purling brooks," "playful lambskins," "lusty steers," "warbling birds," "silent vales," and "horrid mountains," phrases which form the stock in trade of the nature poets of coffee houses and way-side inns, he is perfect. What can be more charming than his transcript of the early rising of the shepherd, the crow of the cock, and the release of the sheep, and their travel to the pasture ground? Beethoven has taken the *motif* for his opening movement of the Pastoral Symphony, and if he has not said less in the same number of bars, he has certainly not said more. Again in the Trio in F major 2-4 time (No. 23), how happily natural is the croaking of the frog, the call of the quail (taken bodily afterwards by Beethoven in his "Quail song"); and then there is the Curfew Bell (perhaps better done by Meyerbeer), and then in the "good night" chorus which follows, we find the nightingale, the quail, the cricket, and all animal creation invited to slumber and rest. All this is real Haydn, not to be learnt from Fux or Marpur, nor of Porpora or Zingarelli. In such work second rates disappear whilst the true genius comes forth in giant splendor.

His picture of the "Mid-day Sun" is only second (if second) to its first radiant glow in the "*Creation*." But this is grievously marred by the interpretation of the translator:—

"Yon ruddy lines proclaim that now  
The sun his course prepares to run.  
He flames, in radiance full,  
In glowing majesty."

The rising of the sun had been described in the previous movement, and admirably so—the shepherd standing still upon his staff, watching the advent of "the king of day." The chorus mark the sun in the heavens—its mounting and descending until its beams attain their full power and oppress the earth with their blaze and heat. Brief is the movement but full and perfect the picture, and most exquisite is the distress of nature revealed in the short tenor song (well sung by Mr. Sims Reeves) with its *sordini* accompaniment of violins, and its beautiful phrase afterwards unceremoniously borrowed and put into the "*Robert*" by Meyerbeer. In fact "The Seasons" has been the treasure house of all composers, unto which they have ever repaired in case of necessity and famine, and fed themselves to repletion. From Handel it is most difficult "to convey," but from Haydn the operation only requires escape from work and hardihood in moral courage! Hearing Haydn is like hearing an old Greek Hymn of Anatolius, pillaged by the Latins, and anatomized by Anglican hymnodists.



The choral "free fugues" in "the Seasons" are still fresh and young. The first (in F Major  $\frac{3}{4}$  time) is on the same theme as that used by Mozart in the "Domine" of the "Requiem"—"Quam olim Abraham promissisti." With Mozart it is the recognition of the oath strong and unchanging; in the Seasons the feeling is different—it is a prayer for blessing on the seed sown; there is in both the roll of the semiquavers in the bass, but each composer works his own way, and there is little room for comparison. Both movements are perfect. The choros closing the first act, "God of light," with a fugue built on root harmony, although a favorite, is weak in comparison with many others in the work. The voices halt too often, the *crescendo* is broken, and the motion lags and is fretful. These blots much diminish choral vigor, and the effect is noise rather than grandeur. Of "the Storm Chorus" what can be said? Haydn here first pictured a tempest, and all other work of the kind is merely "engrafted work." Beethoven has not touched it in the Pastoral Symphony; Spohr is far behind in the Earthquake of the *Calvary*.—Rossini only reminds us of the better thing when we hear him in the *William Tell*; and Meyerbeer, if (in the *Donorah*) he has conveyed a sense of more struggle in the elemental war, has not added aught of strength. Looking at this chorus and the Dance in the Wine Revel we may well say of its composer:

Vidit, scripsit, vicit.

It is some years since the "Seasons" was performed at Exeter Hall by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and although last Friday's solemnity was highly meritorious, there is unquestionably room for renewed study and practice. There are three or four translations of the work, and it is difficult to know which is patronized by the members of this Institution; the chorus, we believe, singing one translation, and the audience using another. It would be well to secure a revision of the libretto, especially in those portions where the picture is prominent in the music, to settle down to one translation, to obtain a somewhat more faithful delivery of the intentions of the composer, and if possible to infuse a natural, mundane, and (if we may so write) earthly spirit, a naturalistic reading, from the earnest and zealous members of the Chorus. "The Seasons" is not an oratorio; Exeter Hall is not a church.

## Music Abroad.

FLORENCE. Quite an interest in classical, yes German, music seems to have sprung up in this ancient city of the arts, now the free capital of a new Italy. Is it among the signs of the new national life, that Beethoven and Mendelssohn, nay even Bach, and even Schumann, now find admirers where so lately only such names as Verdi, Donizetti, Mercadante and Petrella, scarcely Rossini, were in vogue? A friend sends us a budget of programmes and a copy of the *Boccherini*, a musical journal, organ of the "Società del Quartetto." The subscribing members to this Quartet Society receive not only the fortnightly *Boccherini*, but also, in the course of this "fifth social year," six pieces of classical chamber music, in the so-called *Vade mecum* edition, viz., a Quintet by Boccherini, a Quartet by Haydn, a Quintet by Mozart, a Beethoven Trio (op. 1) with piano, a Mendelssohn Quartet (op. 12), and the Mendelssohn Trio, op. 66. The number of the *Boccherini* before us contains a "chronicle" of the 6th, 7th and 8th concerts of the Quartet Society, which occurred in the latter half of December, before "a numerous and select audience." We translate a portion, showing the thing from an Italian point of view:

"In the sixth concert was heard the magnificent Quartet of the Chevalier Bazzini, which won the first prize at the Quartet Society of Milan. It is a work truly classical in kind, showing the uncommon genius of the author and his profound study of the classical masters. Bazzini is certainly no obscurantist [a term which *Boccherini* in another article applies to those who decry classical music]; his Quartet bears it written on its front. Most beautiful are the *tempi*, conspicuously so the *Adagio* and the *Scherzo*. . . The execution could not be better; the artists Becker, Masi, Chiostrini and Hilpert, laid down the highest pledge there. The Quartet in D, op. 44, of Mendels-

sohn was then executed by the same artists with a precision and a perfect ensemble which awakened general admiration. The concert ended with Tartini's famous 'Trillo del Diavolo,' magically rendered by Becker.

"The seventh concert began with Schumann's Quartet, for piano, violin, &c., op. 47. The renowned pianist Carlo Andreoli made his first appearance in our Society, and won the best reception by the precision, the intelligence, the ease and the agility of which he gave fine proof in the execution of this quartet, as well as in Liszt's transcription of the March in *Tannhäuser*. The Schumann Quartet contains incontestable beauties, but lacks what is vulgarly called *spolero* [clear outline?] . . . The piece which had a success which might be called pyramidal is the Quartet in E flat, op. 44, by Mendelssohn, of which the Scherzo was repeated. The public, hearing such execution, seemed on the point of exclaiming enthusiastically: *nec plus ultra*. The interpreters were Becker, Masi, Chiostrini and Jandelli.

"The eighth concert was very attractive, being in a certain sense a historical concert. The two opposite poles were the Quintet by Boccherini in A minor, op. 47, and the Sestet, op. 18, by Brahms. It is well known that Boccherini was, so to say, the creator of the Quartet style. There is a charming ingenuity in this piece. Melodious as always, it develops the musical ideas in a marvellous manner. Brahms is a young man of 32 years, who has already made a reputation in Germany. He belongs to the school of Schumann, and that of 'the Future.' This Sestet obtained the approval of the intelligent, but did not seem very clear in some parts; the harmony there is very daring, but robust, the melodic ideas not sparing. Between these two pieces was performed the Quartet of Beethoven in E minor, op. 59, a colossal work, which, interpreted to perfection under Becker's leadership, had a most splendid success."

Besides the concerts of the Quartet Society proper, the aforesaid Signori Becker and associates gave on the 19th and 26th of January two "Concerts for the execution of the works of Beethoven." The first programme consisted of the Trio in G, op. 4, for violin, viola and 'cello: the 10th Quartet, in E flat, op. 74; and the 16th Quartet, in C-sharp minor, op. 134. "In this concert," says the programme, "the hearer can confront the three manners of the great composer." In the second concert, the quartettists were assisted by "the celebrated pianist Fanny Jer-vis," and the pieces were: 9th Quartet, in C, op. 59 (Rasoumowski set); the "Kreutzer Sonata"; and 12th Quartet, in E flat, op. 127.

Another programme hails from a German-Italian partnership, Messrs. Scholz and Bazzini, who with the aid of Giovacchini, a leading resident violinist, and others, gave their second *Accademia* of chamber music on the 17th of January. On it we find: Beethoven—Trio in D, op. 70, No. 1; Mozart—Sonata in B flat, No. 10, for piano and violin; Bazzini—(a) *Les Regrets*, (b) *Ballade* ("lyrical pieces executed by the author"); B. Scholz—Concerto for piano and orchestra reduced to quartet.

Finally, Sig. Gennaro Perrelli, honorary pianist to his majesty the King of Italy, gave a concert with a very mixed programme. Sebastian Bach led off, in the Allegro of the Concerto in D minor, for piano, with quartet accompaniment, played by the Signori Professori Perrelli, Giovacchini, Laschi, Bruni, Sbolci and Campostrini. Then came: Duet, *I Marinari*, Rossini; Fantasia on *Marta*, composed and executed by Perrelli; Cavatina from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, sung by the Signora Emma Wiza; Canzonetta by Mendelssohn, transcribed by Perrelli, with a two-part Fugue, executed in octaves, and a fantastic Rondo, composed and played by the said Perrelli; Neapolitan Canzonet by Mercadante, sung by Sig. Frizzi.—Part II. Romanza from Verdi's *Luisa Miller*; Fantasia on *Traviata*; Romanza from *La For-*

*za del Destino*—still Verdi; and *Capriccio alla Mazurka*, by Perrelli.

*Per contra.* On the above named Scholz-Bazzini concerts the correspondent of a German paper remarks: "A so-called select public were assembled, who, however, at least for the most part, evidently could not distinguish good music from bad, nor a good rendering from a faulty one. Bazzini was never a player from whom one wished particularly to hear classical music; but now one may well feel alarmed when threatened with such an entertainment. The renowned fiddler massacred poor Beethoven, so, that it seemed as if the pianist smote the keys in wrath and tried to cover up the violin. Bazzini used the composition as a mere indifferent foil to his own egotistic purpose," &c., &c. But this writer gives high praise to the performers of the Società del Quartetto.

PARIS. The various means for educating the musical sense and taste among the people which have sprung up within a few years, such as the Popular Concerts of classical Orchestral Music in the Cirque Napoleon, the *Orpheoniste* singing clubs, the teaching of music in the schools, &c., have worked so well that the minister of public instruction has authorized the organization of a series of Chamber Concerts at the Lyceum Louis-le-Grand, where the pupils may have a chance to get familiar with the classical works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and all the nobler masters. In an article in the *Journal des Débats*, Jan. 26, M. J. d'Ortigue describes the pleasure with which he listened to the first programme. Mozart's G-minor Quintet was finely played under the lead of M. A. Holmes. Then followed a *Sarabande* by Bach; Beethoven's 10th Quartet; two Songs without Words by Mendelssohn, played by M. de la Nux, "classical pianist *par excellence*;" *Adagio* by Spohr; and Haydn's Trio in C. The writer hopes that this measure will be extended to the other lyceums and schools. "M. Duruy (the Minister)," he says, thus manifests anew his great solicitude for the progress of musical instruction. His decree is actually in force in the lyceums, whereby the study of *solfeggio*, of musical reading and dictation, and of singing together, are rendered obligatory through the first four stages and optional for the pupils of the higher schools. The new measure is the complement to these. To the education which is the fruit of the first theoretic principles, the elementary notions of the art, an education crowned by the practice of part-singing, is now joined this other education which results from the frequent hearing of the masterworks of the great composers. No one doubts that the chamber works of Sebastian and Emmanuel Bach, the eighty-three string quartets of Haydn, the ten of Mozart, the seventeen of Beethoven,—that the sonatas, trios, quintets of these three great geniuses, who form by themselves an august trinity around which the other masters group themselves at various distances,—that the compositions in the same kind of Boccherini, of Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c., are to musical instruction what the ancient authors, Greek and Roman, and the writers of our 17th century are to literary instruction. The knowledge of these masterpieces is the basis of all musical education, and they who are ignorant of them can never judge sanely of the works produced upon the lyric stage."

The Orchestra says:

Not fewer than seven societies of Chamber Music are in vogue now in Paris. Pasdeloup's weekly Sunday-afternoon and the Conservatoire grand fortnightly Concerts are crowded to excess. Classical music was never so much in the ascendancy among French amateurs as at the present time. Editions of classical masters are issuing from the press from more than one publisher. Music lessons, formerly at ten francs by the best masters, are risen to twenty! This, too, in spite of the 600 musicians annually sent forth from the schools. Paris is rich in female pianists of renown and promise—viz., Mesdames Massart, Szarvady (Claus), Martin, and Maleville. Mlle. Remaury, Mlle. Gayard, Mlle. Amelie Staps (from

Brussels), Mlle. Elie, Mlle. Mengin, and the first prize of 1865—Mlle. Lack.

At the eighth Popular Concert of Classical Music on Sunday last the following selection was given:—Symphony in C minor, Haydn; Prelude to *Lohengrin*, Wagner; Overture to *Les Joyeuses Comédiennes de Windsor*, Nicolai; Rigodon (1737), Rameau; Symphony in C minor—Beethoven.

The Third Subscription Concert of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, the same day, provided the subjoined programme:—Symphony in C minor—Beethoven; Scena and Chorus from *Idomeneo*—Mozart; Andante and Finale from the 38th Quartet—Haydn; "Air du Sommeil," from *Armida*—Gluck; Finale from *The Mount of Olives*—Beethoven; Overture to *Euryanthe*—Weber.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH. 17, 1866.

**MUSIC IN PROSPECT.**—The remaining two weeks of the month are rich in promise.

To-day, at noon, the usual Organ Concert at the Music Hall. Mr. WHITING will play.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, Sacred Concert by Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN and Mr. G. E. WHITING, with the Choirs (which they conduct respectively) of St. Paul's Church and King's Chapel. Mrs. H. M. SMITH will sing "On mighty pens" and the "Spirit Song," both by Haydn; Miss CARY, Stradella's "Pieta, Signore"; Mrs. GILLERT, "O quam suavis," by Mendelssohn; Dr. GUILLMETTE, bass solo: "O God have mercy," from St. Paul, Costa's "Date Sonitum" with chorus, Calcott's "The Soul's Errand," and Luther's Judgment Hymn (trumpet by Mr. ARBUCKLE); Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, bass solo from "The Creation." There will also be a Duet from Spohr's "Last Judgment," a Quartet, with tenor solo, "Thy sovereign grace," by Mendelssohn; a Quartet from *Elijah*: an original Quartet (without accompaniment) by Dr. Tuckerman; a Quintet from "Moses in Egypt"; the *Miserere*, which Beethoven wrote for four trombones, and which was performed at his funeral, now to be given as chorus of male voices with trombones and Organ; also Gounod's "Meditation" or the Bach Prelude, by violin, piano and organ.

Wednesday Afternoon, March 21. Last Concert but one of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, when Miss ALICE DUTTON will play Mendelssohn's "Serenade and Allegro Gioioso," for piano with orchestra.

Same evening, at Chickering's, Mr. HERMANN DAUM's first Piano Soirée, with aid of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club. Mozart's Trio in E flat, with clarinet; Beethoven's Sonata in C, op. 2, No. 3; Schumann's E flat Quintet; and songs by Schubert and FERNÉ, to be sung by Miss RYAN.

Thursday, 22nd, at 4 P. M. Fifth (and last but one) SYMPHONY CONCERT of the Harvard Musical Association. Part I. A beautiful Overture, never heard here before, by Schubert, to "Fierabras." Mendelssohn's "Serenade and Allegro gioioso," by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, with orchestra. Symphony No. 1, in C minor, by Gade,—his first work, the one which so excited the admiration of Mendelssohn and of all Leipzig, when suddenly appeared among them this masterwork from a composer hardly heard of before, and he a Dane.—Part II. The music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," entire (overture, and other orchestral pieces, fairy choruses, and solos). The choruses by a select choir of ladies under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG; solos by Miss HOUSTON and Mrs. CARY.

Saturday evening, 24th. For the first time in Boston, Haydn's "Seasons," with full orchestra and chorus, conducted by Mr. LANG. The solos by Miss HOUSTON, Mr. SIMPSON, of New York, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN. We think many will be surprised by the freshness, genial beauty and variety of this "last work of an old man."

Sunday, April 1. First performance of Mendelssohn's great Oratorio, "St. Paul," by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. Solos by Miss HOUSTON, Miss ANNIE CARY, Mr. SIMPSON, and Mr. WHITNEY.

### Concert Review.

FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT, (Thursday, March 1). The Harvard Musical Association had new cause to congratulate themselves on the success of their experiment; and so had all the lovers of the noblest music, who were out that day in stronger force than ever, the weather being, for the first time, not absolutely stormy. We think it was voted the most interesting concert thus far; a little too long, to be sure; but then a little excess is warrantable once in a while, where everything is so good, and it would have been a pity to pull to pieces or in any way disturb the balance of a programme so unique and beautiful as this:

- 1 Overture to "Genoveva," (first time). . . . . Schumann.
- 2 Piano forte Concerto, in G, (Op. 68). . . . . Beethoven.
- Allegro.—Andante.—Rondo Finale.
- Hugo Leonhard.
- 8 Double Chorus, ("Hear us, Bacchus!") for Male Voices, from "Antigone". . . . . Mendelssohn.
- 4 Symphony in C major, No. 2, Op. 61. (first time).
- Schumann.
- Introduction and Allegro. Scherzo. Adagio. Allegro vivace.
- 5 Overture to "Der Wasserträger," . . . . . Cherubini.
- 6 Chorus (No 2), from "Antigone," (first time).
- Mendelssohn.
- 7 Chorus of Dervishes, from "The Ruins of Athens," (first time). . . . . Beethoven.
- 8 Turkish March, from "The Ruins of Athens."

Here was a heavy task put upon the orchestra, to prepare so many new and formidable works, and in so short a time; ideals are sometimes unconsciously exacting; but when they are so well worth working for as this was, the successful labor is its own rich reward. And indeed our orchestra went through it admirably, never better; Mr. ZERRAHN had inspired his forces with no little of his own enthusiasm, which enabled him, though hardly risen from a most painful and exhausting illness of several days, and with the full use of only one arm (fortunately the right one), to take his place at the Conductor's stand and lead nearly the whole performance with even more than his usual efficiency; he had set his heart upon conducting that Schumann Symphony, evidently, even if his strength went no further! and that was the right temper for a good performance.

We were happily surprised at the success which that Symphony had with the audience; a long, elaborate work by the "mystical," "involved," "transcendental," "unintelligible" Schumann, a man whose name has been such a bugbear with so many; a Symphony so contemptuously treated two years ago in London by all the critics, *Athenæum*, *Musical World*, *Orchestra*, &c., (although, thanks to Madame Schumann's visits of late, Schumann's music is at last penetrating the thick rind of English prejudice, so that it already counts important circles of admirers there, and is likely to keep its place upon the concert bills of far as well as Mendelssohn). It was heard with profound attention, much applauded, and talked over with delight afterwards in many circles. Of course there were exceptional cases of those who did not appreciate it at once, or feel that it came home to them like Beethoven and others; but even these listened respectfully and did have some dim sort of feeling that there was power and genius there, that there was a man behind it not to be set at naught. Naturally enough the first Allegro with its sombre, brooding, yet determin-

ed, stately introduction, proved the least clear and satisfactory; and we have Schumann's own word for it, that he wrote it in a morbid period (disease of the brain) and that the struggle of the spiritual will to overcome the physical infirmity was the very inspiration of it. And it is wonderfully worked out, if you but study it and get enough familiar with its motives to watch their artistic and symmetrical development. The slow introduction quickens suddenly into a brighter bit of melody, but this is not the real entrance, only a foregleam, of the Allegro, suggested in the oboes, flutes, &c., a positive, clear theme enough, to which those sudden twitches of the first violins from very high to very low tones suggest a sort of neuralgic accompaniment, in short the very enemy aforesaid. When presently we are launched for good upon the Allegro, and the melodic main theme gradually and surely gets the better of all the unquiet elements, we have a beautiful result worked out and can look back and realize the grand unity of the whole. The charm is not so much in the themes, which are not remarkable in themselves, as in the composition.

The Scherzo was found more enchanting; so rich in ideas, the moody, half playful earnest and even sadness of its main subject so finely contrasted by the cheery Spring-like triplets of the first Trio, and again by the placid stream of the second Trio, set in charming relief by the figurative staccato of the viola and cello parts and the delicate contrapuntal working out of all that. The Adagio, too, charmed by its heavenly beauty, so deep in feeling, so high and spiritual in thought, so warm and tender in color, one of Schumann's highest moments! The exceedingly swift Finale, by its inexhaustible energy, keeping up its strong flight so long and yet never letting the mind sink wearied, swept all resistlessly along with it. If the two middle movements charmed most, this was most exciting; so might Ganymede have felt when borne aloft by Jove's strong eagle. The instrumentation is rich and ingenious throughout. In fine, did we not find that we could enjoy Schumann, even if he be not by many degrees a Beethoven? It is needless to say that this work adheres essentially to the usual form of Beethoven and the rest, both in the symphonic form proper of the first Allegro and in the contrasted character of the four movements.

But Beethoven carried the day of course, and by divine right of the truest sort of kings, in that wonderful Concerto in G. Nothing in the programme gave such unalloyed, entire delight as that. It is the most poetic, perhaps, of all the Concertos, the product of a rare mood, the finest temper of creative fancy. That in E flat, which Mr. Dresel played, is grander, more heroic; but this, in a more delicate and moody way, is quite as finely imaginative. No praise can be too much for Mr. LEONHARD's rendering of it; in technical respects and in poetic, nice conception and feeling of every beauty, in thoroughly musical and vital touch, it lacked nothing, nor, as a whole, could we conceive of its being played better. The Allegro is extremely difficult, a series of fitful passages, short flights of fancy, delicate and bold, in which a certain wilful plenty of bravura is thoroughly vitalized with poesy,—coruscations and reflexions, as it were, from the highly charged orchestral background where the continuity of the main theme is all the time kept up. All these passages were played with perfect precision and



fine accent, no exaggeration and no falling short; even those double trills in the same hand, which one would think too much for any mortal fingers, came out clear and even; and the elaborate cadenza by Moscheles, in which he struck out the great chords with such Beethoven-like fire, made great effect. The Andante, short as it is, and simple, is a piece of transcendent beauty, full of meaning. Here the musing, subdued cantabile passages in answer to the repeated stern call of the orchestra, were so purely musical and chaste that, in this interval of ideal, inward music, we forgot for once all about execution, to be made pleasantly aware again of its triumphs, in a lighter form, by the graceful Rondo Finale, with another Moscheles cadenza. Mr. Leonhard, we believe, had never played with orchestra before, and he at once placed himself in the front rank. Certainly we have reason to be proud of our pianists in these concerts. Beethoven must have been something of a piano virtuoso in his younger days. He composed this Concerto in 1806, and played it in one of his own concerts in December, 1808, one of the critics speaking of it as: "A new forte-piano Concerto of prodigious difficulty, which Beethoven executed surprisingly well in the most rapid tempi." Thayer, in his Catalogue, tells us that Herr Carl Haslinger in Vienna possesses Cadenzas to this Concerto in Beethoven's own hand-writing; two of them to the first movement, one of which—with very difficult double trills near the end—is superscribed by Beethoven: "*Cadenza (ma senza cadere)*." The Concerto in G has been played twice before in Boston some dozen years ago, once by Robert Heller, the magician (!), and once by Jaell; but never as it was played this time. The admirable instrument (the same, we believe, used by Mr. Lang before), which seemed to us the best Concert Grand that we had ever heard in that or any hall, must again claim some of the credit of the pianist's triumph; however strongly he might smite the chords, the tone was still musical and free, losing none of the liquid, sympathetic quality it had in softer passages.

The two overtures, the first entirely new, and the other as good as new, to a Boston audience, were singularly and characteristically interesting to the more earnest class of musical students, though neither of them seemed to be quite appreciated by most listeners. Schumann's only opera, "*Genoveva*," failed in Leipzig and went no further,—greatly owing, no doubt, to its ill-chosen romantic subject. The overture is what survives, and is in truth a rich, original, artistic work. It suffers, however, on first hearing, from that cloying over-richness which Schumann sometimes puts into his more sentimental works, a certain crowding of the harmony, resulting in a style for which our Blair's Rhetoric term "*turgid*" would be too disrespectful, but which is graphically described by the German "*schwülstig*." On repeated hearing, however, the overture grows upon one in spite of that, by its intrinsic art and beauty; and it is freshened up once or twice by breezy horn passages, which bring the woods about us.—We wondered that the Overture to the "*Wasserträger*" (the "*Water Carrier*," called in French "*Les deux Journées*") excited so much less interest with many than that to "*Anacreon*." Charming as that is, the *Wasserträger* is certainly greater, one of Cherubini's very best, with much more matter in it, more wealth and individuality of

ideas. The introduction is incomparably larger, grander, more impressive and significant; and after the Allegro sets in, it is all full of brilliancy and subtle charm. It can only be because so much else had gone before to tax the mind and sate the appetite.

The chorus singing was much better than in the former concert. The "*Bacchus*" chorus, in spite of a slight hitch in the accompaniment, sounded splendidly. But the great success was the other chorus from "*Antigone*," that quiet-moralizing movement in six-eight measure, which fairly took the audience captive. Close upon these tuneful reproductions of the classical spirit of old Greece, another magician (Beethoven) lifts his wand and summons up the barbaric hordes of Mahomedan Dervishes, shouting their fanatical and frenzied "*Ka-a-ba*" amid the "*Ruins of Athens*," to the whirling, irresistible accompaniment of the orchestra; all in unison, but so relieved and enriched by the strange instrumentation that the ear craves no harmony. It is one of the most original conceits of Beethoven,—a pure act of creative genius, seizing and reproducing the very spirit of the Turkish devotee. Very amusing, too, and quaint withal. It was capital-sung; and the "*Turkish March*," from the same work, came fitly after to complete the picture and the concert.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.** The ninth Wednesday Afternoon Concert offered the "*Pastoral Symphony*," the Overtures to *Semiramide* (Rossini) and *Anacreon* (Cherubini), a couple of vocal pieces, and a Strauss waltz "by request." We arrived unfortunately too late to hear the debutante, Mrs. Bristor, (a sister of our excellent Wulf Fries) in her principal piece, the romance from *William Tell*. We heard a trivial ballad, "*Beware*," to Longfellow's words, from which we could only make out the fact of a soprano voice sweet and pure in quality, and a manner indicating good cultivation. From the way in which the lady was received on this second appearance it was plain that she had already won the good graces of her audience. Many were glad, and we among the number, to hear the *Anacreon* overture again; for, though it has not so much in it as that to the *Wasserträger*, it presents its simple, happy, unpretending stock of ideas in such a hearty, genial way, that one must needs be charmed with it. It is not a great overture; neither was *Anacreon* a great poet, but one still ever fresh and charming to converse with nevertheless. The old *Symphony* is good as ever; its colors stand.

Of the tenth concert the chief point of interest was an overture by a composer wholly new to us, Norbert Burgmüller, of whom Schumann had high expectations, lamenting his early death in the same sentence with that of Schubert. His name is often mentioned with interest among German musicians and in German musical journals. He has left several works which are always alluded to as interesting and important, among them a *Symphony* which there have been some hints of bringing out here. On the whole, a musicianlike character, clever in all, but with no decided individuality of genius, is the verdict generally passed upon him. This overture, according to the bills, belongs to an unfinished opera, "*Dionysius*." We found it really interesting, largely and well laid out, richly instrumented, beginning like a *Symphony* and the principal themes, which set in later, striking in themselves and well carried out. We hope to hear it again.

The charming E-flat *Symphony* of Mozart showed the wealth of genius, not so much in its want as in its independence of our modern means; what color it can create, what contrasts, what effects, even with no trombones, no oboes, only one flute. The "*Bridal Procession*" from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, not without its delicate beauty as well as strength, was just the opposite to this,—less genius, covetous of all means.—Mr. WILLIAM SCHULTZE played a Violin Concerto by De Beriot, No. 2, in C-sharp minor, difficult,

and one of the less trivial of modern concert pieces, with an easy mastery and a truth and sweetness of tone, which won him much applause. A waltz by Gungl followed. The audience was very large, with some reflux of the gabbling throng of old, who sit down in a concert room to talk over their own affairs, their shopping and other gossip, to the unheeded accompaniment of the orchestra, annoying and insulting those who care for music.

**MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.** The fourth concert of the season, and the finale, last Tuesday evening, was too rich a feast to be discussed at this moment in the little remainder of space in which we are cornered.

**MUSICAL LIBRARY.** The attention of musical persons is called to the sale announced for next Wednesday, by Messrs. Leonard & Co., of an uncommonly valuable private library of musical works. It was collected in the course of a long life, in England, by Mr. WM. L. VINER, an English organist of high standing, who has resided a few years past in Western Massachusetts. It numbers between five and six hundred works, mostly bound, and good editions; embracing quite a number of full scores of Symphonies, of Mozart's and other operas, of Concertos, &c.; Handel's Oratorios, in Clark's and Arnold's editions; much standard organ music, numerous piano and vocal scores of operas, masses, &c., &c. Here will be a chance for each one to pick out something to fill gaps in his library.

**ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY.** Our German part-singers improvised a performance the other evening in their pleasant club room, of quite peculiar and touching interest. It was the presentation of a gold watch and chain to their honored teacher and conductor, who had served them so faithfully so many years, Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN. The state of his health alone has obliged him to resign his post, to the sincere regret of all. We trust that in his contemplated visit to Europe during the coming season he may "renew his strength like the eagles" and return to us the same sweet singer as before, with no end of Franz songs.

### Music in New York.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

MARCH 13. As I perceive, Mr. Dwight, that your regular supplies from New York have lately fallen short, perhaps the result of a little predatory warfare in the field of criticism may not be altogether unacceptable from a volunteer.

To begin at the end, the last musical event up to date was the Fourth concert of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, on Saturday evening last. The orchestra performed Schumann's beautiful and (here at least) little understood third *Symphony* in a less perfect manner than we are accustomed to from this experienced body of performers; besides Weber's "*Euryanthe*" overture, and Wagner's introduction to his "*Tristan and Isolde*." For the latter highly suggestive and poetic work, which has been already performed here at Mr. Theodore Thomas's last *Symphony* Concert, we confess a more than common admiration. Mr. RICHARD HOFFMAN played Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto in a perfectly blameless manner; with finish, grace, ease, clearness, and intelligence, to which his unaffected manner adds another charm. The vocal portion of the programme was less happy; Senorita POCH, a lately debuted mezzo-soprano belonging to the Italian opera troupe, sang the hack-nied "*O mio Fernando*" and "*Selva opaca*" (the latter from Rossini's "*Tell*") in a pleasing yet mediocre style; and, on a "*claque*" encore, a coarse Spanish song, which, however in place it might be in the lemon alleys of Granada, or the wild passes of the Sierra Morena, was altogether out of place in a Philharmonic concert.

Meyerbeer's "*Star of the North*" was brought out last week at the Opera. This work, the third of those which have given Meyerbeer his reputation, originally produced in Berlin in 1844, under the title "*Ein Feldlager in Schlesien*," is also memorable in the annals of music, as the opera in which, re-christened "*Fielka*," the Lind gained, a few years afterwards, some of her first laurels, and began to sing down the adverse criticisms which her original manner and voice had at first awakened. The work is presented

with as much spectacular effect as the limited resources of our Academy of Music will permit; the cast is tolerably good; Miss Kellogg, pleasing and intelligent as ever; but the principal female part calls for greater vocal means than the favorite *chanteuse légère* of the American opera possesses.

Handel's great oratorio "Samson" was brought out by the HARMONIC SOCIETY at the church of the Puritans, last Thursday evening. Under the musician-like and energetic direction of Mr. F. L. RITTER, this society is gradually regaining the prestige and influence which it had lost under his predecessors; and, a sure touchstone of the most genuine kind of success, the opposition of mercenary and undisciplined criticism. The performance of last week created a deep impression among our music-lovers, and we understand that in acceptance of a liberal offer from prominent citizens of Brooklyn, the oratorio will be shortly repeated in the Rev. H. W. Beecher's church there. What shall we say of the effect produced on ourselves by this colossal work? It is one "too deep for tears," or speech either.

Anything surpassing the sublime pathos of the airs "Total eclipse," "Return, O God of Hosts," "How willing my paternal love," "Go Sons of Israel," we cannot recall in the whole repertoire of sacred music, while many of the choruses rival, in breadth of conception and effect, some of the finest in the "Messiah." Often as we have heard this work in Europe, under the intelligent direction of Costa and other famous conductors, it never failed to create in us anew a deep surprise, as well as admiration. It is a creation whose grandeur cannot be measured at once, even by the broadest and best instructed minds. The production of "Samson," last week, was highly satisfactory and encouraging to the Society, especially when we consider the difficulties of a first performance—for it is twenty years since "Samson" has been heard in New York! "Tell it not in Gath!" The judicious cuts were made according to approved English tradition, and the directions of Handel himself. A fine Steinway piano-forte was added to the orchestral force (selected from Mr. Theo. Thomas's orchestra); quite a Handelian accompaniment, as Handel students well know; that composer having frequently made use of two piano-fortes, in addition to the organ, and orchestra. They were probably not quite such sonorous adjuncts to his harmonies as those we are fortunate enough to possess, however. The Soli were entrusted to Mesdames RITTER and BRAINERD, Messrs. SIMPSON and THOMAS.

Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK has given two of three subscription concerts, the principal features of which have been the production of that gentleman's piano-forte compositions, besides a Beethoven Sonata as *bonne bouche*, each evening. Mr. Goldbeck has been assisted in the vocal selections by several of our amateurs.

The MASON and THOMAS Quartet Soirées continue at bi-weekly intervals as usual, and still attract the usual small but appreciative circle of listeners.

Mr. MORGAN, the well-known organist, is displaying his technical abilities on the king of instruments in a series of concerts, the very mixed programmes of which cause in us the liveliest regret that this performer should commit such a mistake, as to suppose it is necessary to do such things, and not do better things. The old-fashioned and old foggy days of trashy programmes are gone by, when the artist thought it necessary that the flies should outnumber the plums in the pudding. Not that we would have all Bach, all Handel, all Mendelssohn; but give us good light and short things, and clear away the rubbish and clap-trap. Far be from any intelligent American citizen the barbarism of musical know-nothingism, but we cannot avoid holding out for the imitation of this English organist, the example of our native player, the modest and talented Mr. WARREN, whose admirable playing and well-chosen programme of organ music, displayed as much good taste, as sound information in the literature of his instrument.

Mr. THEO. THOMAS's last Symphony Concert will take place next Saturday, when an interesting programme will be performed. There was a rumor, which unfortunately seems to have died away, that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony would be heard yet this season, under this gentleman's direction. But, *quies sube?* VERITAS.

PHILADELPHIA. Grover's German Opera company have been bringing out some good things which are too seldom heard in this country: *William Tell*, the *Magic Flute*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Fra Diavolo*, not

to name *Don Juan*, *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, *Kreutzer's Night in Granada*, *Freyshütz*, *Faust*, *Martha*, &c. But was *Fidelio* too good for the Philadelphians? They had their revenge in *William Tell*, which will not the next time, we trust, be found too good for Boston. The *Bulletin*, 6th inst., thus speaks of the performance:

As a whole, the performance was the best of this opera that we have ever had here. The orchestra, led by Mr. Neucendorff, was excellent, and the glorious overture was heartily applauded. Mr. Habelmann took the modest part of the fisherman, and sang the opening song deliciously. Mr. Himmer played "Arnold," a part written for an exceptional tenor voice, and he was obliged in several cases to transpose or resort to a falsetto. But he sang carefully, expressively and intelligently, and in the concerted pieces especially, his voice was effective. Mr. Steincke played "Tell"; but, giving him full credit for his earnest efforts, we are constrained to say that his voice is not now equal to the music, and it is a matter for congratulation that this evening, when the opera is to be repeated, the part will be taken by Wilhelm Formes, who is said to possess a fine barytone voice.

The fine voice of Mr. Hermanns showed to great advantage in the concerted pieces, though he had only an unimportant part. Mr. Weinlich was good as "Gessler," and Mr. Armand and other gentlemen of the company did their parts well. Mlle. Naddi appeared to advantage as "Mathilda." The exquisite song, "Sombre forêt," was sung by her with great grace and tenderness, but there was a misunderstanding with the orchestra towards the close, in both verses, which ought to be corrected before this evening. Mlle. Dziuba was admirable as Tell's son, and Mme. Pichonazzi was as good as his wife. A lovely trio for the three female voices, in the third act, which is usually omitted, was sung last evening with beautiful effect. The original opera, which is extremely long, always has to be "cut"; but the Germans do not make the same cuts as the Italians, and their version, last evening, made so very good an impression, that it is fair to presume that it is the most judiciously arranged. With all the cuts, the opera was not over till near twelve o'clock.

The *Bulletin* calls Mozart's *Magic Flute* (in which Mlle. Naddi made a successful debut as Queen of Night) "a dreamy, tiresome opera, with a story as senseless as a nursery rhyme, and with music which may interest antiquarians, but is a dreadful bore to those accustomed to the modern style." (!) If all the good the *Trovatores* and the *Africaines* do is to bring the musical critics to this pass, the Lord deliver us from the "modern style!" Cannot we dispense with all the modern confectionery better than we can afford to lose the taste for wholesome apples, plums and peaches?

How the various series of concerts are progressing we may judge from a few extracts from the correspondent of the New York *Weekly Review*:

Tuesday afternoon, the twenty-seventh, brought around the sixth of Mr. Wolfsohn's Matinees, when he played the Sonata Pathétique, C minor, op. 13, the one in E flat major, op. 7, and in A flat major, op. 110. To praise the performance would be superfluous, for until Mr. Wolfsohn fails it will be safe to assume that his performance was entirely satisfactory. He is so anxious, however, to impress his audience with the peculiar power and beauty of the sonatas, that yesterday he made a very pleasant and earnest little speech in which he tried to convey in a few words the influence of the circumstances of Beethoven's life on his genius, and the utterance he had given to these pious compositions, of the power, beauty, melody and passion condensed into them; but while Mr. Wolfsohn's brain, working through his execution, expresses them so well, those who need words to help them understand, must be indeed deaf and obtuse. The next Matinée will not be given until March the 20th, when the well known C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, will be given among others.

The Germania had a miserably rainy day for their last rehearsal, and consequently a poor house; they gave Hummel's Concert overture, Terzetto from *Attila*, Verdi; *Larghetto* from Second Symphony of Beethoven; Overture *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Romance from *Robert le Diable*, and the first Finale from *Il Templario*.

Thursday afternoon, Mr. Jarvis gives one of his delightful concerts, the fourth of this season, when he gives Beethoven's Sonata for Piano, op. 22; a Violin Solo, Etude in D flat of Henselt, Chopin's Polonaise in F sharp minor, and Schumann's Trio in D minor for Piano, Violin and Violoncello.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Cobbler, to thy bench returning. (Puo tornare al tuo panchetto). Duet and Trio.

"Crispino e la Comare." 75

The famous scolding Duet between Crispino and Mirabolano, which changes into a Trio when Fabricio interposes. The allusions to former and present occupations of the disputants, are extremely amusing. The piece is long, but not difficult, goes quickly, is suited to three bass voices, or bases and baritone, and is a capital thing to amuse a party or an audience.

Times hab badly change' old massa now. Freedman's Song. H. G. Spaulding. 40

One of the best of the more recent negro songs. Mr. S. heard the melody quite recently, in Florida. It was sung by a colored man. The words could not be distinguished, but the haunting sweetness of the air seemed to call for its publication, and new words have been skillfully supplied.

Father, source of every blessing. Tantum Ergo.

Solo and Chorus. C. P. Morrison. 40

A fine quartet for church service, with a very sweet, gliding melody.

I will remember. Q't. (Morning and evening.) 40

Another of Southard's excellent compositions. Similar in character to other members of the series.

True love it is worth keeping. Mrs. Parkhurst. 30

The words are by Mrs. Kidder, and both poetess and composer-ess have that rare talent, which is not so much that of writing the best music and words, (although these are excellent), as the fine skill of exactly suiting the public taste.

It is a good thing. (Bonum est.) Quartet.

J. B. Marsh. 40

Not difficult, and a good anthem or chorus as well as quartet.

#### Instrumental.

Crown Jewels. No. 7. False one, I love thee still. A. Baumbach. 40

An excellent piece for learners, of easy medium difficulty, and carefully fingered. It also bears marks of Mr. Baumbach's excellent taste in arrangement.

L'Africaine. (Revue melodique. No. 24.) 4 hands.

Beyer. 90

The melodies of the opera, well arranged for two performers.

Nightingale, or Bird polka. E. L. Hime. 30

Lively and pretty.

Juanita. (Crown Jewels, No. 30.) A. Baumbach. 40

An excellent arrangement for learners. Not difficult.

The Crystalline waltzes. For guitar. M. Jung. 30

As the name indicates, a succession of "crystalline" arpeggios. Very pure and sweet music.

Danse Napolitaine. Morceau de Concert.

Sydney Smith. 60

Brilliant and effective.

Five o'clock in the morning. Varied by Grobe. 60

A favorite song, well varied.

Jolly Dogs, or Slap Bang galop. C. H. Marriott. 30

The jolly dogs are on a new "lark," it seems. A very bright and merry galop.

#### Books.

STUDIES FOR SKILLFUL EXECUTION. By L. Köhler. Op. 135. Book 2. \$2.00

These studies are quite difficult of execution, and well calculated to develop the manual dexterity of a player already considerably advanced. They are carefully fingered, (foreign fingering), and furnish an acceptable addition to the libraries of music teachers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



